"S'Matter, Pop?" * 顯 * 顯 * By C. M. Payne

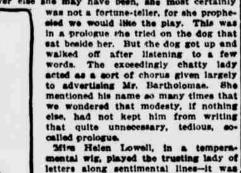




BY CHARLES DARNTON.

Quick." Philip Bartholomae calls it "his own up-to-the-minute farce," and while no one is likely to dispute the contention that it is his own, oving certain familiar quips that have long served as humor, there was coing up to the last minute at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre last night to the farce seem just the world for it. Horseplay would have been nearer the Compared with this weird, rampant, amateurish affair the callow author's offering, "When Dreams Come True," is a dramatic masterpiece.

iff, as I said before, this is really a case for an allemst. The sentimental novelist just turning the sere and yellow leaf, as it were, appeared to have in her brain-pan. Whatever else she may have been, she most certainly



mental wig, played the trusting lady of letters along sentimental lines-it was the only way she could play it, poor soul! She was at least true to the character, such as it was. When we saw her with a rope around her neck at the beginning of the last act we feared for a moment she had determined to end it all then and there. But, no, the rope was merely an aid to genius. The emo tional authoress, who "lived" all she wrote, wanted to know what "that choking sensation" was like. That was

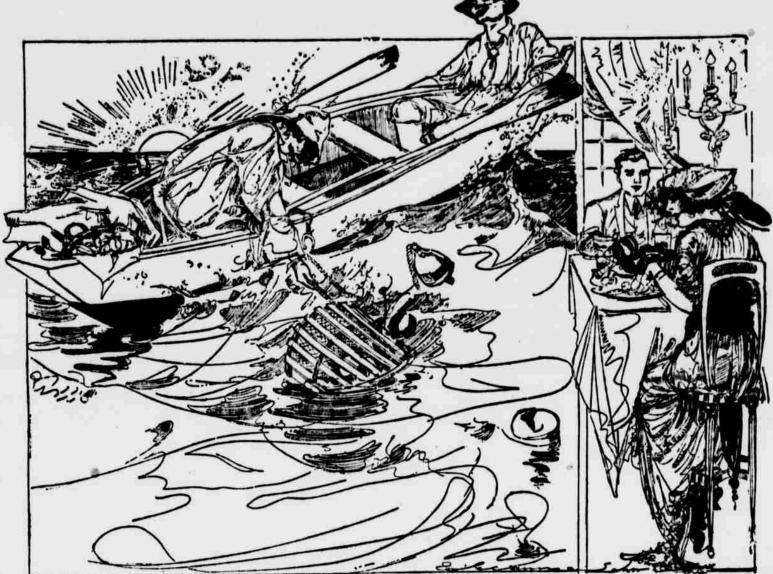
Helen Lowell as Gladiola Huntley. lest Louise Drew also seemed ready to sacrifice herself on the altar of her art by helping herself to the rope. It was all over with her after a few mo-ments in the first act that she made rather amusing as a member of a moving picture company that ran around on the premises where the lady novelist cultivated her plots. Miss Drew certainly seemed in strange company, though Robert Kelly, as the moving picture director, did something to redeem it Arthur Aylesworth was so obvious that his singing couldn't possibly hurt his acting. His mournful lay was "Kiss Me Quick," and it left us to reflect that the play might just as well take its title from a song as from anything else.

Miss Sadie Harris listened to the song with that undaunted courage which to make space for the incoming the same of barries and despite the same of barries and despite to make space for the incoming the same of barries and despite to make space for the incoming the same lobster waster and four devoted couples "paired off" for the painfully happy ending.

The same and went without leaving fame in their waster and dress in oilskins and invade their of a murmuring sea of brilliance. An induigent New York Bob is sitting to make space for the incoming the same lobster waster and four devoted couples "paired off" for the painfully happy ending.

ELEANOR SCHORER. By this time Miss Lowell was on the verse of buriesque. But she had lived through a dress of "the four seasons" that included something white and frothy for winter instead of the old red petticoat, and she had acted with discretion in using that rope. And to have survived "Kiss Me Quick" was a real

The Lobster and the Girl. | De Print Politation Co. | By Eleanor Schorer.



HAVE just come back from a lobster fishing town to a lobster eating

Somewhere in New York there is a Beasle who loves to STAY up until town-from the lobster kingdom to the lobster palaces-from the isles early morning and, dressed in sheer silk which floats like a fairy sall in the

The Great Laugh-Story of the Summer

Novelised From the Successful Play of the Same Title &

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers



Stop Thief

The Engagement Ring.

No. Highles.

No. Which is a constitute of the control of t

My Hunt for a Wife

A New York Bachelor's "Quest of the Golden Golde" By Victor J. Wilson.

10 .- THE SELF-CANONIZED SAINT.

prevalent among men.

I.— was one of those who in her own estimation po character. And it was hard to make her realise when she fell short of the standard of sublimity. She was a beautiful, tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed gir who made an instantaneously favorable impression. And besides winning with the personal charm she aimed to convey a feeling of high-mindedness a goodness. Not having been distillusioned by these would-be angels I still optimitically saw them much as they plotured themselves. And when I met Rome I believed I had at last found the ideal woman who combined all man continued the state of the stat

desire of beauty, brains and superiority of disposition.

Her candor, frankness and truthfulness were a relief from the insincerity of others I had known. That the very girl who posed as the most upright should prove the most harshly critical was a shock to my faith. But g ok me many months to come to this conclusion. For, like Romola herself, I

believed in her charity and love.

In one single evening I, who had thought her all sugar and honey, without a bitter or venomous idea in her pretty head, realized how blind I had been. My awakening came when I called for Romoia to go to a dance. While we waited

house of noblity began to tumble.

Close friends as we all were we gossiped about mutual acquaintances with no intended malics. We discussed the ilinear of the father of Harvey S— whom we all liked and of whom Romola had been a particular friend. As long as we had known Harvey his father had been too ill to be at home with his family and everybody aympathised with him. But Romola now contributed her opinion which, unfounded as it was filled me with dismay. She said:

"I do not believe Mr. S— is ill. There is comething very mysterious about his being away all this time. I do not think his wife and sons are talling the truth about his absence. He is either in a cantarium or a surrenless for

truth about his absence. He is either in a sanitarium or a cure-place for inspiriety."

We were all staggered at this suggestion of Romele's. But no doubt I was the only one affected by the fact that she had made a malicious statement. Letter Romele and I were watching the dancing. When Bestrice 3— areas with a diminutive partner Romele laughed in a most unkind meaner at her enermous

diminutive partner Romoia saughed in a most unstand measure at new contribution and called her a young hippopotamus.

As Beatrice, however large she may have been in circumference, was a charming girl and supposedly a good friend of Romoia's, I resented har being made a laughing stock. Romoia certainly was out with her little hammer. And when I shided her she assumed the role of an injured maden who could do no wrong.

Bargain Hints.

phi, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

MELF-ACCLAIMED maint does not constitute a saint any more than a man who calls himself an "awful cut-up" is likely to be as dangurous a member of society as he wants people to billeve. This pretense of saintliness exists more among women just as that of deviltry is more

for some other men and girls with whom we shared an omnibus, my ma

My distillusion was complete. Romola's was a more pretense of rights and I was grateful to be saved from a life with her. I broke away strintactfully. Could Romole but have appreciated the discrepancies of I character she might have profited by the bint in those for lines of Robert

waist length that will be fashionable next year, and she will pay perhaps one-third of its actual value. For instance, those exquisite crepes seen on the bargain counters have been \$1.50 a yard all summer. They are now \$5\$ cents a yard, and they are going to be very fashionable next summer.

It will be perfectly safe to pick up anything in the line of crepes, as their vogue promises to be unprecedented. Those beautiful figured crepes that have had prohibitive prices attached during the season are now within the range of the season are now within the range of weave, or vice versa. For this purpose